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# POPEYE

ALL NEW

# POPEYE

THE SAILOR

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

00714

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THE STREET WAS DARK AND FOGGY. DANGER LURKED IN EVERY CORNER, BUT SECRET AGENT OOOOOOO3¼ DIDN'T CARE. HE ATE UP TROUBLE AND CHEWED IT UP. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE MET...

# GREENTHUMB

IT SURE IS CHILLY AND DAMP. I COULD USE SOMETHIN' WARM.

D-8003

"DO *ELEPHANTS* FLY SOUTH FOR THE WINTER?"

NOT UNLESS THEIR NAME IS *DUMBO.*

NO, NO, YOU JERK. THAT'S THE *SECRET PASS-WORD.* YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GIVE *ME* THE REPLY.

BUT, OLIVE, YA KNOW IT'S *ME,* POPEYE.

**POPEYE Vol. 9, No. 136, August, 1976,**
Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher. George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. © 1976 King Features, Inc. World Rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. 30¢ per copy. Subscription $1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

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YOU'RE AGENT OOOOOOO3¼! WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?!

AW, THIS IS SILLY. "DOLPHINS GROW NO FUR BUT BEARS CAN'T SWIM IN THE OCEAN."

"TIGERS LIKE TAPIOCA PUDDING WITH A CHERRY ON TOP."

"THE WIND IN THE TREES BLOWS A BREEZE ON MY KNEES."

"A PIE FROM THE SKY FELL RIGHT ON ME..."

OKAY, OKAY, SO YOU'RE POPEYE. BUT NOW WE HAVE TO GET TO OUR MISSION.

THIS IS SUPER, ULTRA, APEX, VERY TOP, TOP SECRET SO DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW THAT OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO STOP *GREENTHUMB!*

GREENTHUMB? IS THAT ANYTHING LIKE *ATHLETE'S FOOT?*

HE'S AN ENEMY AGENT WHO PLANS TO ROB *FORT KNOCKS* OF ALL ITS GOLD. WE JUST DISCOVERED WHERE HIS HIDEOUT IS.

THE *CAR* IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. LET'S GO.

IT'S A HOUSTIN-MARTY EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE LATEST SPY GADGETS.

INCLUDING A *PARKING TICKET!* THIS IS THE ONLY METER IN MILES. WHY DID YOU PARK IT HERE?

FUNNY, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER THAT METER BEIN' THERE WHEN I PARKED.

VAROOOM!

POPEYE, THERE'S A LARGE BLACK CAR *FOLLOWING* US.

IT'S JUSK YOUR IMAJUNASHUN, OLIVE. THE *SPY* BUSINESK HAS GONE TO YA HEAD.

BANG! BANG!

BANG!

AM I IMAGINING THOSE *BULLETS* TOO? DO SOMETHING!

I AM! I'M DOIN' A LOT OF *DUCKIN'!*

BANG!

POW!

BANG!

THISK IS A VERY DEADLY SICKUASHUN. I'D BETTER PUSH A FEW BUTTONS.

SPY GADJETS

SPRONG!

NAILS

OIL

BUT THE SPIES WERE PREPARED FOR SUCH TRICKS. THE TIRES ON THEIR CAR WERE MADE OF *STEEL*.

THEY'RE *STILL* COMING! DO YOU HAVE ANY MORE BUTTONS TO PUSH?

YEP! I'LL TRY THIS ONE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.. I WISHED THEY'D LABELED THESE SWITCHES.

*YIKES!* I CAN'T SEE TA DRIVE. I HASTA STOP.

THOSE PLATES ARE COVERING THE CAR!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

NOW WE'RE TRAPPED IN THIS THING.

NOT AS LONG AS WE HAVE MORE BUTTONS TA PUSH!

CRASH!

CLUNK!

YOU OPENED THE WRONG SIDE. WE CAN'T CLIMB OUT OF THE TOP.

YA RIGHT. I'LL PUSH ANOTHER BUTTON.

WHIRRRRRRR!

WHERE DOES YA WANTS TA GO, OLIVE?

TO GREENTHUMB'S PLACE.

THE SPIES ARE SHOOTING AT US! PUSH THE LAST BUTTON, THE BIG RED ONE.

DON'T DO THAT, OLIVE! IF YA PUSHES THE LAST BUTTON, THE CAR WILL...

BANG!

POW!

BANG!

KA-BOOM!

...EXPLODE.

I GUESS THAT WAS THE *SELF DESTRUCT* BUTTON, HUH?

BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO CONTINUE OUR MISSION *WITHOUT* A CAR?

HERE COMES SOME TRANSPER-TASHUN.

THIS IS NOT A DIGNIFIED WAY FOR A SELF-RESPECTING SPY TO TRAVEL.

WE SPIES GOTS TA DO THE BEST WITH WHATS WE GET. GIDDYUP!

MILK

WE'RE ALMOST THERE. THAT'S GREENTHUMB'S HOUSE.

I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY WOULD WANT TO LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THAT.

MAP

HE LIVES IN A *GLASS HOUSE!*

OF COURSE! WHERE ELSE WOULD A PERSON WITH THE NAME OF *GREENTHUMB* LIVE.

WE'LL TAKE THE FIEND BY *SURPRISE*, AND RUIN HIS PLANS BEFORE HE CAN GET STARTED.

WE AIN'T EVEN NEAR HIS HOUSE YET SO WHY IS WE *WHISPERIN'*?

YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT WE *DON'T* HAVE TO WHISPER ANY MORE!

CLANG!

MEANWHILE, AT THE VAULT IN *FORT KNOCKS*...

THE VAULT IS LOCKED NOW, GENERAL. ALL THE U.S. GOLD BULLION IS SAFE.

EXCELLENT, MAJOR. WELL, WE CAN CALL IT A NIGHT.

WHEN THE ARMY OFFICERS LEAVE, THE INNOCENT LOOKING PLANT COMES TO LIFE...

TENDRILS SPIN THE DIAL TO THE PROPER COMBINATION...AND THE HUGE VAULT SWINGS OPEN.

THE PLANT IS JOINED BY OTHER PLANTS...

GOLD

GOLD

GOLD

AND THE GREAT GOLD ROBBERY BEGINS.

VRROOOM!

AT GREENTHUMB'S GLASS HOUSE...

ALLRIGHT, GREENTHUMB, YA GOTS US CAPTURED. AT LEASK TURNS AROUND SO'S WE CAN SEE WHO Y'AR.

CERTAINLY.

THE *WHARF RAT!* SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME INTERESKED IN *FLOWERS?*

WHEN I LEARNED THAT I COULD USE THEM TO STEAL FOR ME.

ALLOW ME TA INTRODUCE YA TO SOME OF ME ASSOCIATES. THIS IS DEADLY DAN *DAISY*, BAD BOB *BEGONIA*, AND TOUGH TOM *TULIP*.

BUZZ! EXCUSE ME, MR. RAT, BUT THE TRUCK FROM PORT KNOCKS HAS ARRIVED.

SPLENDID! HAVE THE *GLADIOLAS* UNLOAD THE GOLD. I'LL BE WITH THEM SHORTLY.

IF YA'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YA THROUGH ME GARDEN AND INTRODUCE YA TA *REX*.

WHAT'S REX, A PATOONIE?

REX IS ME GIANT *VENUS FLY TRAP*. I'VE TRAINED HIM TA EAT PEOPLE INSTEAD OF FLIES. LADIES FIRST?

UH... BEING A *WOMAN'S LIBBER*, I WOULDN'T TAKE OFFENSE IF POPEYE WENT FIRST.

CHOMP!

CHOMP!

UNFORTUNATELY, I AM A MALE *CHAUVINIST* RAT!

YA CERTAINLY GROWS A LOTTA STUFF IN HERE.

EEEK!

OH, YES, NOT ONLY FLOWERS AND PLANTS, BUT VEGETABLES ALSO, LIKE CARROTS, TURNIPS, SPINACH, BEETS... UH, DID I SAY *SPINACH*?

GULP! GULP!

OH, NO! HERE IT COMES!

RIP! RIP!

MAYBE THEY'LL LET ME RAISE SNAP DRAGONS IN *PRISON*.

CRASH!

WE DID IT, POPEYE. WE ENDED THE CAREER OF THE WHARF RAT ALIAS GREENTHUMB.

THAT WE DID. YOU MIGHT SAY THAT RIGHT NOW EVERYTHING IS JUSK *ROSIE*.

ARF! ARF!

END

POOPDECK PAPPY in.....

# Treasure Below

WE'RE WARNIN' YA FOR THE LAST TIME, PAPPY. TELL US WHERE YA HID THE *TREASURE* OR YA'LL BE FEEDIN' SHARKS FROM THE *INSIDE*.

OKAY, YA WINS, BRUTUS. I'LL SHOWS YA WHERE IT IS.

D-BOOS

NO TRICKS NOW, PAPPY. WHERE IS THE *GOLD* HID?

IFIN' YA HAD ASKED ME NICE IN THE FERSK PLACE, I WOULD HAVE TOLD YA RIGHT AWAY.

IT'S DOWN *BELOW*.

LET'S GO INTO THE HOLD, MEN.

IN THE HOLD...

THE CHEST O' GOLD IS *UNDER-NEATH* THESE FLOORBOARDS.

THAR'S TOOLS IN THE BACK. GO GIT 'EM.

ADIOS, AMIGOS. DON'T SPEND ALL THE GOLD IN ONE PLACE.

READY???

UH-OH!

YA MEAN *ABANDON* SHIP!

WOOSH!!!

YA *FOOLED* US, YA OLD GOAT!

SURE, BUT I *DIDN'T* LIE TA YA. THE TREASURE WAS BELOW.

ABOUT *TWENTY FATHOMS* BELOW. ARF! ARF!

END

# THE BURGER BARON

EATS

OUT!

A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THIS DELICIOUS TIDBIT, MY DEAR SIR!

ARF! ARF!

D-1959

MR. J. WELLINGTON WIMPY?

?!?

HE IS MY COUSIN, SIR. THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY. HE RECENTLY MOVED TO DARKEST AFRICA.

ARE YOU SURE?

?!

?

POSITIVE!

PLEASE EXCUSE ME!

THAT MAN WAS A *PROCESS-SERVER!*

ONE OF MY MANY CREDITORS WHO'LL HAVE ME JAILED IF I DON'T PAY.

HE CAN'T CATCH ME HERE...

J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, I HEREBY NOTIFY YOU...

MY NAME IS *JONES,* SIR...

...I CAN SEE *MILES* IN ANY DIRECTION.

WIMPY IS THE SECOND FAGKEST MAN IN THE WORLD...

VOOOSH!

...BUT THE LITTLE SWAB IS THE FIRSK FASKEST!

IT DOES NO GOOD TO FLEE, YOUR HIGHNESS.

WHOSE HIGHNESS?

YOURS, BARON WELLINGTON WIMPY. YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDUNCLE JUST PASSED AWAY.

BESIDES THE TITLE, YOU ARE SOLE HEIR TO HIS ESTATE. HERE IS $100,000 DOLLARS.

?

...$98,000, $99,000...$100,000 IN CASH!

I MUST PLAN HOW TO INVEST MY FORTUNE WISELY!

BEING A RICH BARON IS *A PROBLEM!* HOW BEST TO USE THIS MONEY?

LET *ME* HELP YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS!

WIMPY IS A ZILLIONAIRE NOW! HE'S RICH FER LIFE! ARF! ARF!

NEXT DAY...

EATS

CLOSED

'AT'S FUNNY. ROUGHHOUSE DIDN'T TELL ME HE WUZ GOIN' OUTTA BIZNEZZ.

I'LL VIZIK WIMPY TER SEE HOW HE'S DOIN'!

MUNCH GRUNCH SLURP CHOMP

WIMPY



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES

GOT ENOUGH, YOUR HIGHNESS?

*CHOMP! GULP!* OF COURSE NOT. KEEP THEM COMING, CHEF!

HOW COME YER CLOZED YER DINER, ROUGH-HOUSE?

THE BARON PAID HIS BACK BILL AND THEN HIRED ME AS HIS *PERSONAL CHEF.* ALL I BEEN DOIN' IS COOKIN' HAMBURGERS!

*MORE HAMBURGERS!*

WHY ARE YOU STOPPING, CHEF? I WILL TELL YOU WHEN MY APPETITE IS APPEASED!

YOU EAT 'EM FASTER THAN I COOK 'EM, YOUR HIGHNESS. BESIDES--

...*YOUR* MONEY IS *GONE!* AFTER PAYIN' YOUR BILLS AND EATIN' HAMBURGERS FOR TWO DAYS, YOU AIN'T GOT A DIME LEFT!

SUCH BASE INGRATITUDE. I SHALL TAKE MY TRADE ELSEWHERE!

FUNNY! I MISS SEEIN' WIMPY!

HE'LL BE HERE SOON....

MY DEAR FELLOW, I WILL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAM-BURGER TODAY.

WIMPY IS BACK! *ARF! ARF!*

END

Sweepea in

# WINNER

GOOD NIGHT, SWEE'PEA. PLEZINK DREAMS.

G'NIGHT, POPEYE.

CLICK

D-7956

I IS NOT SCARED OF THE DARK.

WOT IS THERE TER BE SCAREDED OF?

SSSSHHH!

?

CRASH!

SWEE'PEA

HURRY!

?

?

HERE! FROM NOW ON, WE STICK TO STEALING BATTLESHIPS.

GIMME THE KID!

WHEW!

WHEW!

POPEYE WILL FOLLER YA, BRUTUS!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE WANT! HAR HAR HAR!

HERE COMES LITTLE SWEE'PEA, BERNARD! SOON POPEYE WILL COME TO RESCUE HIM! HEE HEE HEE HEE!

HERE'S THE KID, MAW!

TAKE HIM INSIDE, SONNY BOY! I'M ALL READY FOR POPEYE!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

WAIT TILL THAT SQUINCH-EYED SAILOR GETS HERE, MAW!

HEE HEE HEE
WE'RE READY FOR HIM, BRUTUS.

MEANWHILE...

SWEE'PEA'S GONE!

THERE IS A WRITED NOTE ON HIS PILLA!

NO.

IF YOU WANT THE KID BACK, COME AND GET HIM!
Sea Hag

GET READY, JUNIOR! FIRE WHEN HE STEPS ON SHORE!

THEY GOTS ME BOY KID AN' I YAM MAD!

BOOM!

I YAM POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN AN' NOBUDDY GETS AWAY WITH STEALIN' ME BOY KID!

OOOOFF!

I HAS JUST BEGUN TER FIGHTS.

POW

BRING HIM BACK, BERNARD!

VERY NICE, BERNARD!

I IS FRESH OUTER *SPINACH!* I GOTS TER FIGHT 'EM THE *HARD WAY!*

CLUNK!

I IS BEAT UNLESS I...THE *SEA HAG* IS SURRENDERIN'!

POW

BAM

WE GIVE UP, POPEYE.

CRASH!

SPLAT

YER GIVES UP, SEA HAG! I FIGHTS TOO HARD FER YA!

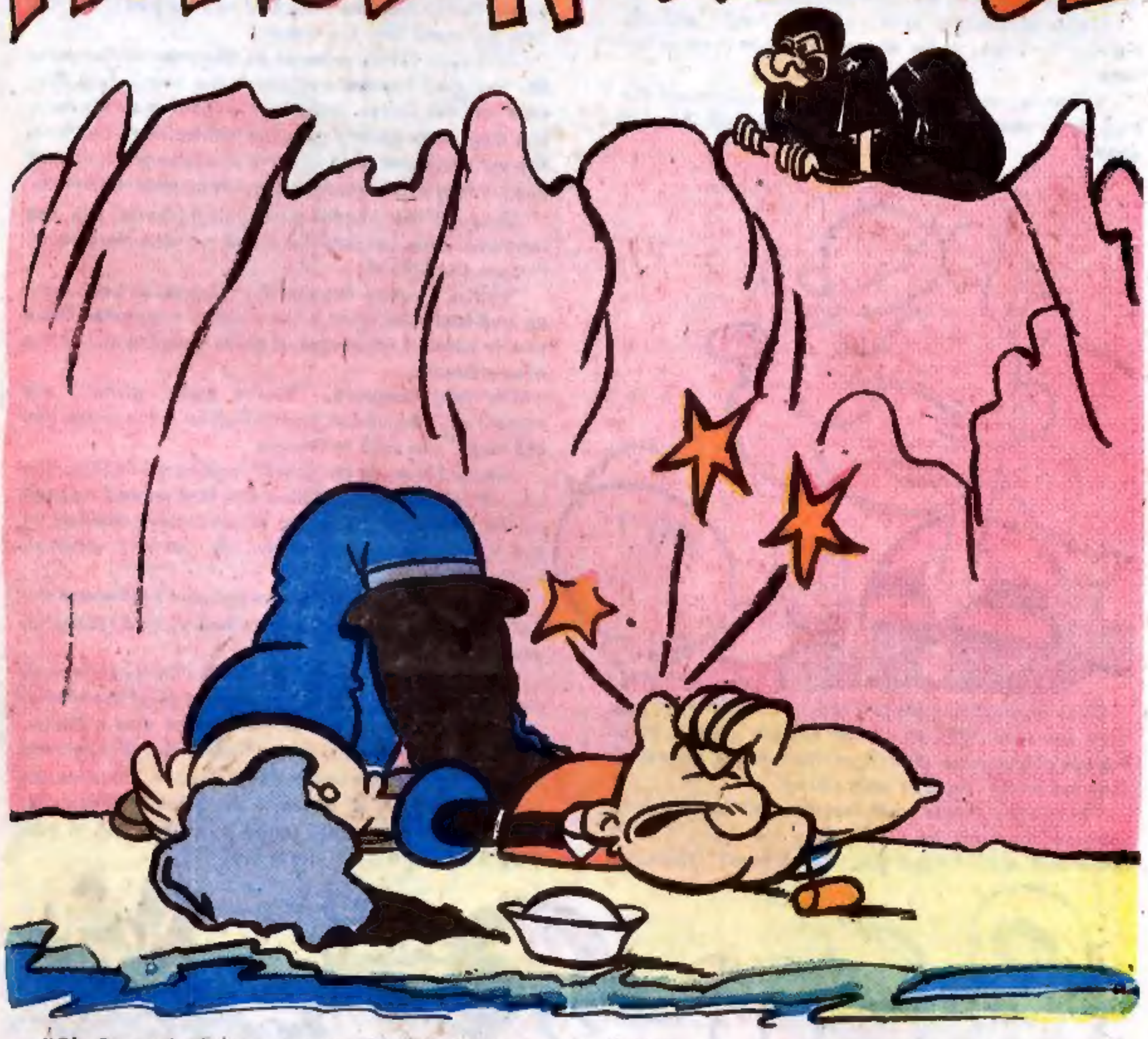
IT WASN'T YOU, YOU BOWLEGGED RUNT!

SWEE'PEA DID IT! I'LL NEVER INVITE *HIM* HERE AGAIN!

ARF! ARF!

END

# HORSE NONSENSE



"Oh, Popeye! Ahoy, Popeyeee! You'd better come quick! There's big trouble up on the cliff above the cove!" screamed Olive Oyl as she raced down the beach toward the spot where Popeye was fishing in the surf.

"Shiver me timbers, Olive!" snapped Popeye as he reeled in his line. "Didja have ta' come stompin' over here like dat? I was just gettin' me a bite! Now you've gone and scaret' the fish! Whatcha' want?"

Olive paused to catch her breath. She'd run a long way, and now she was too pooped to talk. She took a deep breath and tried to explain.

"There are whales swimming in the shallow water in the cove," she began.

"What's so suspikous about that?" interrupted Popeye.

"Quiet, Popeye! Let me finish talking, and you'll find out what the trouble is!" snapped Olive who was about to lose her temper. "The sea hag is on the cliff above the cove trying to roll a big boulder down the side of the hill in order to start an avalanche. She wants to block off the cove from the sea in order to trap the whales. Oh, Popeye, after the whales are trapped, that nasty old witch plans to make blubber sandwiches out of them. She plans to sell them to hungry Eskimos!"

Popeye tooted his pipe and it began to twirl around and around as he held it between his teeth. He was angry. "Yoika! Well, blow me down! Yer right! Dat is somethin' to worry about!" he admitted. "I has to stop

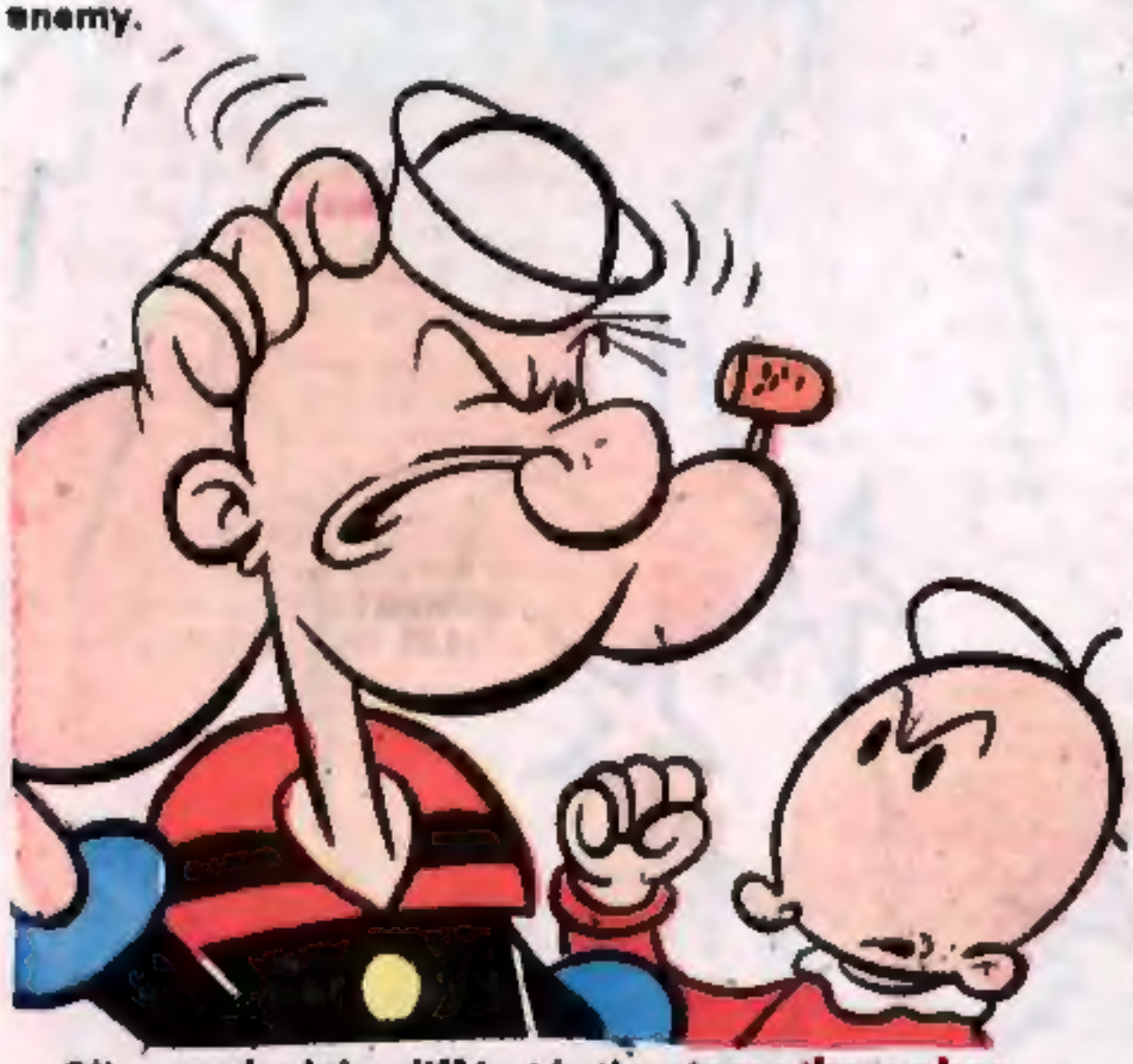
the hag before she catches them whales!" Popeye tooted on his pipe one more time and raced toward the cliff.

"Hey! Wait for me!" called Olive as she ran after him. She was too tired to keep pace with Popeye and soon fell far behind.

When Popeye reached the cliff he saw the hag standing near the edge. She was holding a huge boulder above her head and was about to toss it over the side in order to start an avalanche.

"Stops dat! Leggo that rock, sea hag!" ordered Popeye the Sailor as he waved his fist in front of her nose.

"Whatever you say, squinch - eye!" answered the hag, who saw a chance to get even with her old enemy.



Olive reached the cliff just in time to see the sea hag drop the rock right on top of Popeye's head. Since Popeye's head was as hard as the boulder, he wasn't hurt too badly. He was only dazed.

"I can't remember what me name is!" he said as he counted the stars he saw before his eyes. "I can't remember nuttin! What am I doing here?" The blow on the head had given him amnesia and he couldn't remember his past.

"You're Popeye!" screamed Olive Oyl before the hag grabbed her and covered her mouth.

"Heh! Heh! Heh! You're Popeye, me faithful horse!" said the hag. "We wuz just going to round up these whales down below!"

Popeye actually believed he was a horse. He got down on all fours and allowed the sea hag to climb up on his back. The sea hag nudged him and off they rode down the hill just like a cowboy on a trained horse. Off they galloped into the sunset.

Olive didn't know what to do. She cried in disgust as she watched Popeye trot down the beach and then dive into the water, carrying the sea hag on his back. She'd never be able to convince him he wasn't a horse. She sat there and tried to think of a plan while the sea hag and Popeye chased the whales up onto the beach.

When all the whales were run aground, the hag returned with her faithful steed — who was really Popeye the Sailor!

"You're treating Popeye like a horse, so you might as well feed him what a horse eats!" suggested Olive as she pointed at clumps of grass growing out of the mountainside.

The hag laughed. "You're right, girlie!" she answered. "Go ahead and munch on some grass, you old nag!" she said to Popeye.

"Good! I loves to eat grass!" answered Popeye. The hag didn't know that Olive Oyl had spread spinach on the blades of the grass. When Popeye chewed up the spinach - coated grass, his memory returned immediately.

"Blow me down! I ain't no jackass! I is Popeye the Sailor!" he announced as he stood up and tooted his pipe in anger.

With one quick punch, he knocked the sea hag way out into the ocean. Then, he released all of the whales that he'd caught when he thought he was a horse.

"Tee-Hee, Tee-hee! I can't wait to tell everyone about what happened today!" teased Olive as she and Popeye walked down to the beach. "When they hear how the sea hag made a donkey out of you, they'll all get a good horse laugh!"